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### THERE MUST BE OPPOSITION.

Mr. Bryan's question, "Shall the People Rule?" appears to have been accepted everywhere in the spirit of its propounder as bearing altogether upon the majority. Much is to be said, however, in favor of the influence which a minority may exert in public affairs. The people rule negatively as well as affirmatively, and there is not likely to be popular government of the best kind unless there is a powerful and an able minority.

One prolific cause of extravagance, indifference and partiality in the administration of national affairs recently has been the absence of an effective opposition. Republicans have done as they pleased. They have not been subjected to scrutiny and criticism. They have had no fear of rebuke or punishment. They have quarrelled among themselves occasionally, but these fights have been shams and not much public good has come of them.

It has been the history of all decadent States that government was carried on in the name of the people long after the popular will had ceased to control, and the record of every tyranny shows that lawful forms and ceremonies are likely to continue even when law itself is dead. So in popular government, if a minority for any cause ceases to be respected by a majority it cannot be held blameless for the excesses which its own weakness invites. In one view a great majority party, acting practically without restraint, rules in behalf of the people whose votes gave it power, but in the best sense the people do not rule as they should unless there is an opposition alert enough and vigorous enough to take instant advantage of every error or misdeed of those in power.

In many of the Southern States there is no effective opposition to the Democratic party. In many Northern States the situation is reversed. In the nation at large the Republican majority has become so large as to be unwieldy. Both parties have suffered from these conditions, and the country has paid the penalty. A majority arrogant, heedless, wasteful and corrupt must always be attended by a minority so weak in numbers and so lacking in virtue and ability as to be in some measure responsible for the evils complained of.

If the Democratic party would answer Mr. Bryan's question in the affirmative, let it prepare itself first of all for zealous service in Opposition. To do this it must put itself in an attitude of intelligent hostility to Republican blundering, bullying and boodling. It must look for things to criticize and not for things to praise or to imitate. It must make itself the watchdog of the people, the voice of the people and the strong arm of the people. Political parties are necessary to free government, but we shall never have a party so well led or so well inspired as to make it advisable for us to do without Opposition.

Shall the people rule? They shall, but they must be prepared to rule in the minority no less than in the majority. They must have policies and purposes of their own. When a minority apes a majority it opens wide the gates for everything except true popular government.

### FREE SPEECH FOR HUNGER.

To a meeting of the unemployed came uninvited a King of the Hoboes, a Millionaire Tramp and an avowed Anarchist. Admonished by experience, the Police Department sent one hundred men.

As a matter of course everybody was in ill-humor, and it was not long before the expected happened. The unemployed attempted to discuss their hardships and to frame an appeal for relief. The King of the Hoboes, a man of education, did not approve of the methods proposed. The Millionaire Tramp, rich also in theory, offered objections. The avowed Anarchist, finding the resulting disorder to his liking, seized the opportunity to make matters worse. Finally the police, none too well pleased with their assignment, interfered, met with resistance and, after a sharp struggle, bore away to a station house several prisoners.

It will occur to most people that several objections may properly be offered to these proceedings. For one thing it may be said that if the distress of the unemployed is so extreme as to move them to public assemblage it is the first duty of the authorities to protect them from the interference of those who have no real sympathy with them. Our Kings of the Hoboes, our Millionaire Tramps and our avowed Anarchists have no place in meetings of the unemployed. They are special pleaders. They have axes to grind. They do not go hungry; they are not in rags, and they despise work.

No great city can afford to stifle or to ignore the voice of misery. When labor that is willing suffers for lack of employment, and when poverty undertakes in orderly fashion to make known its wretchedness, neither cranks nor coppers should be permitted to organize a rough house in the name either of anarchy or of law. If to idleness, hunger and nakedness we are to add the violence of anarchy and the rigors of the law, the terrors of the unemployed must become unspeakable.

For another thing it must be seen that the relations between the police and the so-called anarchists are rapidly developing the characteristics of a feud. This is not only to give anarchists a standing which they do not merit, but it is to belittle the law and its officers. Policemen who in the line of duty carry themselves like men with a personal grievance will soon find an abundance of trouble, and it will not be anarchy.

We guarantee free speech in this country even to anarchists when they do not recommend the violation of law. There must be free speech for the unemployed, whose right of petition is paramount, whose needs are urgent, and who should be heard.

### Letters from the People.

Apply to Legal Aid Society, No. 239 Broadway.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Can any reader tell me where I can get a separation from my wife free of cost, as I am a poor man and out of work? My wife is the mother of six children, and I have seven letters to prove that I am entitled to one, for the sake of my young children. If not, what can I do about it?  
HEARTBROKEN HUSBAND.

Sweet Voices.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Regarding "Globe Trotter's" opinion of New York voices, I beg to differ. I have also travelled in America, Europe and many other countries, and a New Yorker as well. Must say New Yorkers don't know what sweetness, refined modulation means, which is most noticeable by non-residents as well as by foreigners. Sweet voices, I should say, are found among the French and Spanish.

The best English spoken is by the English and Dublin people. Trace where great singers hail from and you will find sweet voices. As to accents, a New Yorker's twang coupled with "deed" "dose" and "dem" is laughable. I am sure no one will take you seriously. A NEW YORKER.

Diogenes's Brother.

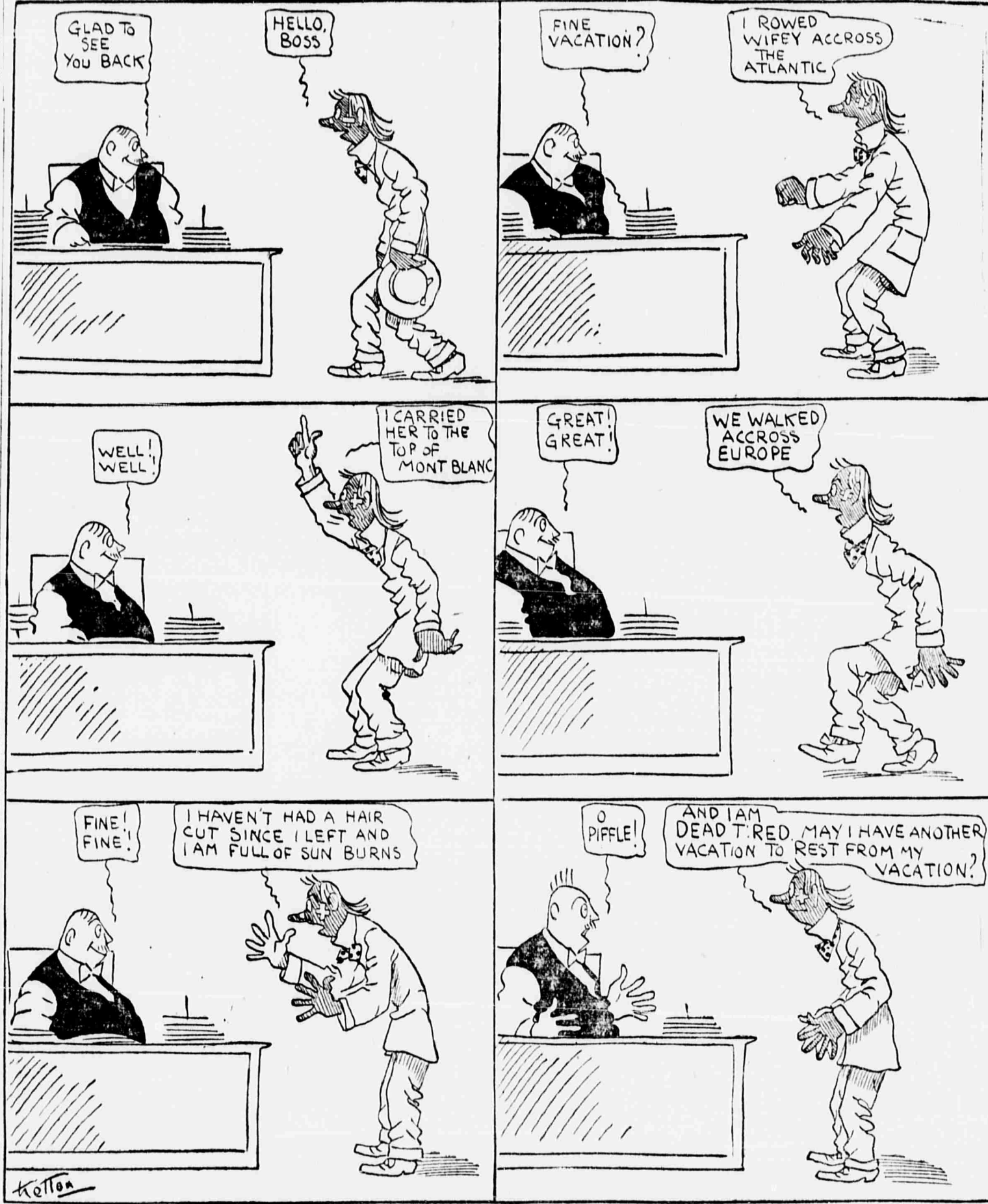
To the Editor of The Evening World: I have heard a great deal of a so-called "Brother to Diogenes," and being of an inquisitive nature, would like to know who he is.  
ORANGE.

Southern Manners.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I read a letter by "Macdonald" about some "southern" Southern people who annoyed him very much the other evening on a sail up the Hudson. The Southerners as a class are the most refined and cultured people in the United States. This is not only my own opinion, but my experience as well.  
VIRGINIA.

### Vacation.

By Maurice Kettan.



### Wives Hate to See Husbands Go Out Evenings, but Never Miss 'Em When There Are Bargains and Other Heart-Topics to Talk About

By Roy L. McCardell.



ROY L. MCCARDELL

"What do you want to go out for?" asked Mrs. Jarr, as Mr. Jarr betrayed some slight restlessness. "You act like your home was simply a boarding house—a place to come get your meals and then go out again." "I want to stay home," growled Mr. Jarr, "and I am staying home, ain't I?" "Oh, yes; you are staying home," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But you don't seem to relish it. Mr. Jarr, I hardly ever go out of the house, and it is a pleasure to call there; he's so interested in everything his wife does, and interested in his home, and says so many bright things when ladies call on his wife. He's what I call an ideal husband." "You ought to hear what I call him," mumbled Mr. Jarr.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Jarr. But Mr. Jarr whistled to himself, and just then Mrs. Rangle dropped in.

"So glad you came," said Mrs. Jarr. "Now, maybe, Mr. Jarr will find one evening at home interesting."

"Can you go downtown to-morrow?" asked Mrs. Rangle, as she kissed Mrs. Jarr and bowed to the head of the house. "The stores are just selling things for almost nothing. After Labor Day, they are getting rid of lots of things—the papers are full of bargains."

"Speaking of bargains," said Mrs. Jarr. "I want to show you some drawn work I bought. Wait till you hear what I paid for them!"

So saying she left the room and returned with some table cloths and centre pieces.

Mrs. Rangle went into raptures.

"These are handsome!" she exclaimed. "Just look at that work! It must have taken days and days to draw those threads, and all that needlework, too!"

"I saw some down town not near as fine, with not half the work on it, and they were fifty dollars," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, I should say," said Mrs. Rangle. "Where did you get them? There's never any sales of this quality of drawn work."

"I got them from an Armenian woman," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm always afraid to buy from those people, and she did ask a terrible price, but I got it for eighteen dollars."

Mrs. Rangle's raptures at hearing of such a bargain were too great for words, she simply gasped.

"I really didn't want them," said Mrs. Jarr. "Of course they are nice to have if company comes, but Mr. Jarr and the children are so careless at the table. If I wouldn't watch them they'd cut bread on them, and as for stains!"

Mrs. Rangle shook her head to imply she knew.

"The woman was so ill that she said she must have some money to go to the hospital, and she couldn't carry them any further, so, out of pity for her I bought them."

"But it's a wonder she sold them for that money," said Mrs. Rangle.

"She didn't want to, said she could sell them to the stores for more, but she had to have money. I was afraid she'd faint right here. So I said, 'I'll give you eighteen dollars.' She finally took it."

"I'll be bound that you couldn't hear a pitiful tale like that," said Mrs. Jarr. "I couldn't either."

"Oh, anybody can impose on me," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm too kind hearted, but, as you can see, the materials must have cost that much. The woman told me she did the work all herself, and it took a month, and her eyes were ruined by it."

"One doesn't get a chance like that every day," said Mrs. Rangle, equally divided between her admiration for the tale itself, her envy of the bargain her friend had secured, and the latter's kindness of heart in buying from the poor Armenian woman—at a good advantage.

"I like to help out poor people when they are industrious that way," stammered Mrs. Jarr. "I wish another one would come along who was in distress like that and had to have some money right away. For they are very uppin when they are prosperous. At the seashore last summer an Armenian man was positively insulting when I offered him four dollars for a lace shawl; he wanted sixty-five for it. He asked me if I thought he had stolen it!"

"This one wasn't impudent, though," asked Mrs. Rangle.

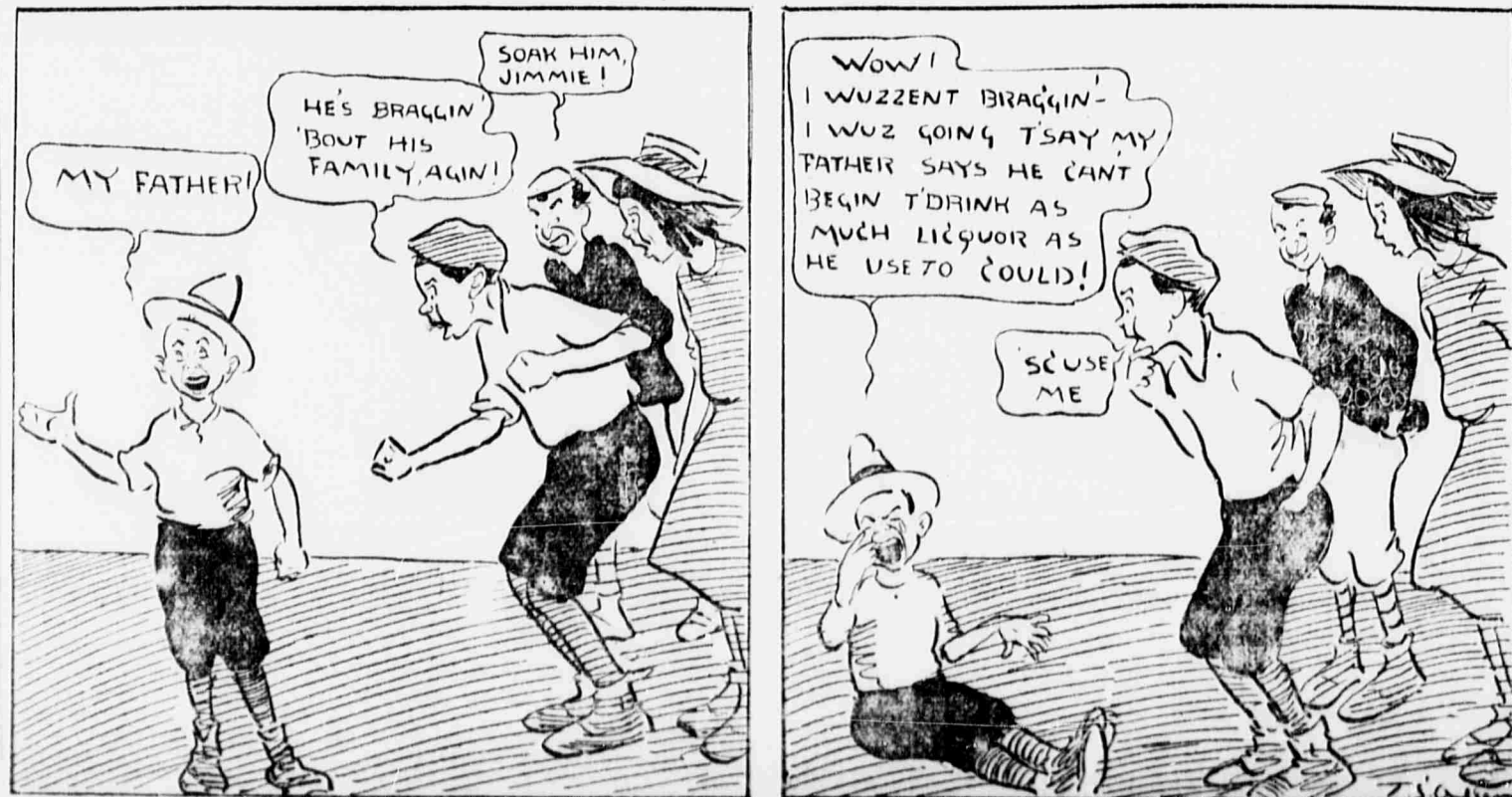
"She was at first, but she needed the money," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, I don't care what they say either if I can get a bargain," said Mrs. Rangle virtuously. "Besides, you were helping the poor thing."

Meanwhile Mr. Jarr had long ago escaped. But the ladies never missed him.

### Family Prestige Takes a Drop

By T. S. Allen



### Fifty Great Love Stories of History

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 33—NATHAN HALE AND ALICE RIPLEY.

HERE is a statue at the western edge of City Hall Park, New York. It represents a slender, handsome lad, Nathan Hale, standing bound, yet unconquered, overpowered, yet unafraid, awaiting death at the hangman's hands. The pedestal's lettering records his last defiance to a harsh fate; his regret at having but one life to give to his country. Of the countless thousands who hourly hurry past that statue, comparatively few pause, nowadays, to look at it or to note the faded swaths that occasionally adorn its base. Still fewer know of the sad, sweet love story which alternately brightened and darkened Hale's short life and urged him to deeds of reckless daring. Here is the story:

Hale was a Connecticut boy. His mother died while he was very young. His father, Deacon Richard Hale, then married a widow who had one daughter, Alice, a pretty and talented girl, who was about Nathan's own age. The two young people were brought up in the same house. It was but natural that they should fall in love with each other. It was equally natural that parental opposition should strengthen their love. Deacon Hale had great ambitions for Nathan. The lad was tall, handsome and unusually clever in study and debate. It was arranged that he should prepare for the ministry. After he left Yale he taught school at East Haddam, Conn., in order to raise funds for his course in the theological seminary.

His father was resolved that no promising a career should not be injured by early marriage to a penniless girl, even when that girl happened to be the deacon's own lovely stepdaughter, Alice. So the old gentleman set about his self-appointed, disagreeable task of making such a marriage impossible. In East Haddam dwelt an elderly merchant, Elijah Ripley, who also wished to marry Alice. Deacon Hale commanded his stepdaughter to accept Ripley's proposal. Girls in those days obeyed their parents. To a pair of dutiful, obedient children like Nathan and Alice, the deacon's word was law. So Alice, though she loved Nathan devotedly, married Ripley and made the old man a good wife, even though her heart was with the gallant youth she had been forced to give up. Nathan, in despair, threw aside his plans of becoming a clergyman and sought forgetfulness by throwing in his fortunes with the Revolution. The battle of Concord and Lexington had just been fought (April, 1776) and the American colonies were rushing to arms against their British oppressors. Hale joined the army as a lieutenant. The almost foolhardy courage with which he risked his life and the skill he showed as an officer led to his quick promotion to a captaincy. Life held no hope for him now that he had lost Alice, and he delighted in taking risks that would have appalled a less unhappy man.

Then came a turn in his fortunes. Alice Ripley's husband died. There was no longer a barrier between the lovers. For Alice was a widow and independent. Nathan himself was twenty-one. Both had thus passed beyond the bounds of Deacon Hale's authority. The path to their happiness was at last clear. They became engaged. The date for their marriage is said to have been set. Yet, to win honor in his sweetheart's eyes, Nathan sought to accomplish still braver deeds than before. Soon the coveted chance for distinction came.

The American Army had been forced to abandon New York. The city was in British hands. It was important for Washington to learn the plans, fortifications, numbers, etc., of the English forces garrisoned there. So he asked for a volunteer to go to New York in disguise and gain this information for him.

Nathan Hale eagerly offered his services for the dangerous mission and entered New York dressed as a simple Dutch schoolmaster. He well knew the peril he faced. To enter the enemy's lines as a spy, disguised, is punishable by instant death upon detection. The fate of a spy is thus established by all laws of warfare. Yet Hale was not dismayed. He went to New York, gathered the information Washington wanted and was about to depart in safety when he was recognized. He was arrested and condemned to be hanged on the following day. The night before his execution he was imprisoned in a greenhouse at Fifty-first street and First avenue. There he asked for a Bible. The request was refused. Then he wrote a long letter of farewell to Alice. The letter was torn up before his eyes by the brutal jailer. At dawn on Sept. 22, 1776, he was led forth to an orchard at East Broadway and Market street and there was hanged. He was only twenty-one, and stood on the very threshold of all that makes life beautiful. His fate, by the rules of the iron game of war, was just. He was a spy. Spies when caught are hanged, whether they change to be young lovers or world-weary veterans.

Alice Ripley never married again. She lived to be an old woman, but her heart was in the grave with her hero lover. As she lay dying, nearly half a century later, she started from unconsciousness for a moment and gasped: "Nathan!"

### Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland



HELEN ROWLAND

THE man who goes through life at automobile speed seldom leaves footprints on the sands of time.

A man regards a woman's first kiss as a boon, her second as a privilege, the third as a right, and the rest as a bore.

A young man's tastes in women, like his tastes in eating, may be naturally simple; but it's wonderful how quickly they will change as soon as he discovers that he can afford pate-de-fols-gras and chorus girls.

If a man should get a woman blindfolded into a corner with her hands tied and then make love to her, his mother would accuse her of having "lured him into it."

A man, in his wisdom, knoweth when love is done; but a woman, in her folly, always keeps on trying to stir up the flames until it is overdone.

"Watch and Wait" is all right as a motto, but it gets to be rather tiresome as a practice after a woman has been doing it every night until 2 A. M. for a few years.

Desperate flirtations require desperate antidotes.

### Little Items From Many Places

ON the London streets there are nearly 4 per cent. of the doctors of 5,829 hansom cabs, 2,758 four-wheeled Austrians die of heart disease each, 2,231 horse-drawn omnibuses, 1,508 motor cabs and 1,045 motor omnibuses.

In Tasmania no person less than thirteen years of age may smoke in public.

A servant cannot compel his or her employer to give a character, but if one is supplied it must contain only what the employer believes to be the truth.

There are more than 1,500 theatres in Europe.

Beethoven's one opera, "Fidelio," was first produced in 1805.

At an altitude of 2,000 feet the Alpine air is free from microbes.

A message crosses the Atlantic by cable in about three seconds.

In the seventeenth century absence from church was a punishable offense in England.

Red-haired people are least likely to go bald.

### THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES.

Self-Interest.

A REAL estate firm had lots for sale in a new suburban addition. The young enthusiastic member was writing the advertisement, eloquence flowing from his pen. He urged intending purchasers to seize the passing moment.

"Napoleon not only met the opportunity he created it."

The senior partner read this line in the advertisement slowly and carefully. Sunday afternoon during the storm will apply to the butler at No. 217 Peanut street he can have the coat back upon using him with our money?"—Boston Post.

The Mearest Ad.

A CLERK in the advertising department of a newspaper called a reporter to him.

"Here is the mearest ad.," he said. "In my long experience, it was handed in by a very pretty girl. When I read it I could hardly keep from saying to her: 'Aren't you ashamed?'"

"If the gentleman who lent a brown raincoat to a young lady in the park on Sunday afternoon during the storm will apply to the butler at No. 217 Peanut street he can have the coat back upon using him with our money?"—Boston Post.

"meat."—Cincinnati Enquirer.